

A FAVORITE Home-and-Without-A FAVORITE



A Favorite Coal Bin



Another Coal Bin

How Much Coal Will You Burn This Winter

TELL US how much you burned last winter, and the kind of Base Burner you have in your home—AND WE WILL TELL YOU

How Much You Can Save If You Buy A FAVORITE

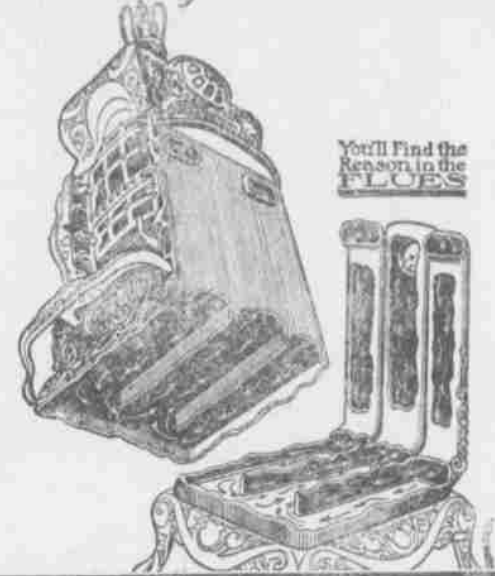
In the Triple Exposed Flues you will find one reason why the Favorite saves one-half on coal bills and throws out more heat.

There are many other reasons. Come and see us and we will tell you all about it. We know if you buy a Favorite it will bring comfort and economy into your home, for we positively guarantee it to be the best and most economical base burner made. Don't put off buying your heating stove till the cold days come. See us now, and let's talk it over.



J.F. MCGEE

The Keen-Kutter Store, CELINA, OHIO



You'll Find the Favorite in the Coal Bin

Neighbors

By JOANNA SINGLE

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

The whole neighborhood held its breath when the three-room cottage, vacant a year, was bought by one Reuben Farr. The place could not be rented because of the Jones family. Every Jones in the house made trouble—even Mr. Jones, two years in his quiet grave, for his widow used his name perpetually as a reason why a "poor widow woman and her young ones had ought to be let alone."

Mrs. Jones talked as fast as she worked, which speaks well for her industry, and defended her chicks impartially. Mame was really pretty, with the courage of that prettiness, and kept the girlhood of the little street in a ferment by her wholesome and conscienceless annexation of their beaux. Sophie, red-headed and gawky and eleven, teased smaller children and caused feuds and fights among them. George, eight, cried if anything or anybody looked at him, and ran to his mother, who forthwith sallied forth to protect her offspring. At such times rows were rife, and the probation officers, the police and the humane society had all been called upon to arbitrate during the two years since the demise of the husband and father.

But the head and front of the neighborhood offendings had been Joseph Jones, aged twelve and one-half, the owner of pigeons and rabbits and guinea hens, all nuisances and trespassers. Worse than that, Joe kept chickens. That is, the neighbors kept them. They were ostensibly kept in, and the widow was so neat and clean and industrious, so valiant a mother, that officers were inclined to think the neighbors were simply "down on the tribe," and unwilling to condone an occasional accidental escape of a small boy's pets. Also, the widow had a fine eye and a plump red cheek, not to mention an Irish tongue in her head. The neighbors always came off second best, but they lived in hope of some day seeing Joe Jones "get what was comin' to him."

The Jones family owned and had to live in their place. When Reuben Farr bought the place next door, in spite of fears and hints, the public breath was held. How would he stand the Joneses—especially Joe?

The day the new householder took possession the neighbors were hidden behind curtains, or openly out in yards and porches. Reuben Farr was a year or two younger than Mrs. Jones, tall and silent and gaunt, a carpenter by trade, his own cook and housekeeper. He nodded to everybody, said good-night or morning when he met them, but talked with no one. He minded his own business. It was bleak March when he moved in, and at nights and odd free days he tinkered about his little house and got his affairs in order. In April he appeared one night with horse and plow and broke up his entire and ancestral

back yard. He was questioned. "Garden," was his laconic response. The next night he harrowed the ground. Then, he methodically made beds and planted things, vegetables and flowers, and set out bushes and little trees. A few ones tried to warn him of Joe's rabbits, his pigeons, his chickens. But gossip, aimed at him, seemed to die on the lip. The neighbors finally decided to let him get his own experience. But they admired him. Moreover, he was rather handsome-looking, and not a day older than forty.

Mame Jones tried to lure him into a flirtation. But, to the joy of the interested, she did not succeed. He was polite, that was all. As for Joe, he found no fault with the boy. But one fine morning in May when he found the pet rabbits had eaten the tender tops from his upgrowings vegetables, he stood thoughtfully. That night he fenced his place in high and tight with chicken wire of the finest, closest mesh.

And the next morning as he went to work, after getting his own breakfast, Joe, safe on his own porch, catcalled at him and made a gesture of scorn. It was awful to be ignored. Used to raising trouble, Joe would have preferred an open row to silence—and a fence.

It was not long thereafter that, in some indescribable manner, the Jones' chickens got over the fence—miraculously, since they were clumsy, heavy fowls without power of flight. They uprooted several flowerbeds and gobbled off the tops of the peas, now well above the ground. Reuben Farr sowed more peas, and lifted the hens over the fence.

That night he called on the widow, casually as if in passing. She welcomed him on the porch, and bade him smoke if he liked. He did not talk more than a word or two, but Mame came out in white and impudence, and inwardly much excited. She wished her mother could learn to naby. When he rose to go she stammeringly mentioned the matter of the chickens and the rabbits. It was a new thing to have a neighbor who did not resent things. She was so sorry, but it was accidental, and children must have pets, and so forth. After a voluble discourse in her pleasant Irish voice, Mary Jones, nee Ryan, finished with her favorite bit of wisdom, "Boys," she said, "will be boys."

"Yes, Boys will be—boys," he said, dryly. Then he went away uptown.

The next evening he added an extra foot to the height of his fence. The neighbors grinned, knowing Joseph would simply consider himself challenged. Natural history tells us that the rabbit will bore its way under almost anything on earth. It also teaches us that, like most useless things, it multiplies very rapidly. There had been originally some seven or eight rabbits. Now there were, it seemed, dozens of them. One night they worked steadily, having somehow escaped from their alleged hutch, and the morning found them in Reuben's garden. They were keen and hungry, and the young cabbages and cauliflower suffered.

The presumably frate, but outwardly calm gardener, let Mrs. Jones come over, and, with the aid of her offspring, remove the offenders, still nibbling. She was frustrated, and for once her volubility failed her. Something in the tall bachelor's attitude shamed her to a partial silence. She broke previous records by offering to buy the rabbits for the damage. She would buy new plants for him. He said it would be too late now—and he would use

the space for something else.

Joe was fascinated into decency for a week or two. He did not understand. And now, every few evenings, Reuben would saunter over to the widow's porch and sit on the steps and smoke. He got to exchanging dry jokes with Mame, who was so excited about this wary new specimen, that she forgot to berate Sade Dugan, four doors on, of her latest beau.

It was Reuben Farr's custom each night to padlock his front gate—also made of wire like the fence. One dawn, early in May, he arose to find the gate wide open. The Jones' Jersey was peacefully browsing on the last of the young sweet corn stalks; the Jones' hens were scratching in the beds, the rabbits were busy with the clover planted to protect the newly sprung up lawn grass. It was pretty bad.

Farr called Joe over and sternly helped him to get the creatures out. His eyes were blazing, and his lips close set. Old Dugan, who came along, said he heard the outraged gardener swear, but Dugan had a fine imagination.

This time, Mrs. Jones dared not even apologize. To do her justice, she was stiff with fear. And the mischief was not all intentional. Piqued by the padlock Joe, like all boys, had tried all the keys which he could find. He had a large assortment. One of them did fit the padlock, which opened with difficulty—but which would not lock again. He had shut the gate, but the cow, pulling up her stake, had pushed it wide. The boy was frightened, and his under-exercised conscience was working. He kept himself out of the way the following evening, being sure that something would happen.

It did; but it was not the expected. Reuben Farr, after his supper, came over to the Jones' house, dressed in his best, newly shaven, and smiling. Mame began something and got the surprise of her life. He simply asked Mrs. Jones if, she would send the children away while he spoke to her a moment. Angry and surprised, they went, standing out of earshot, but anxious as to what was going on. The man talked, and the widow, from a showing of fear at first, began to protest, then to laugh, and protest again. Finally he showed her a paper and Mame held her breath. Had it something to do with the law? They continued to talk. Then the widow went indoors.

Mame followed, eagerly, but got no word of an answer to her inquiries, save a command to help her mother get into her best dress. The girl had an idea that her mother wished to make a good impression on some magistrate and did as she was bidden. Joe had sneaked up behind the house, peering around to see what had happened.

It was still broad light when the widow and Reuben Farr went together down the street. Sophie, at a safe distance, trailed them—and came back to report that they had gone to the pastor's, a few blocks off. It seemed that the church was to intervene! The whole neighborhood, in shirt sleeves and dressing gowns, came out on the porches, and into the yard. What had happened? Even Joe regained his impudence, and in a half hour, or less, when in the first dusk the two came slowly back, he waited boldly in the front yard as one who stood on his native heath.

As the boy's mother and Reuben Farr stepped into her yard, with the eyes of the world upon them, young Joe indulged in a gesture of defiance and contempt. Then Fate descended upon him. Reuben Farr caught the

No Reason for Doubt

A Statement of Facts Backed by a Strong Guarantee.

We guarantee complete relief to all sufferers from constipation. In every case where we fail we will supply the medicine free.

Reckall Orderlies are a gentle, effective, dependable and safe bowel regulator, strengthener and tonic. They re-establish nature's functions in a quiet, easy way. They do not cause any inconvenience, griping or nausea. They are so pleasant to take and work so easily that they may be taken by any one at any time. They thoroughly tone up the whole system to healthy activity.

Reckall Orderlies are unsurpassable and ideal for the use of children, old folks and delicate persons. We can not too highly recommend them to all sufferers from any form of constipation and its attendant evils. Two sizes, 10c and 25c. Remember you can obtain Reckall Remedies in this community only at our store—The Reckall Store, The Robt. E. Riley Drug Co., southeast corner Main and Market streets, Celina, O.

unsuspecting youth by the arm, sat down on the bottom step, laid him over his gaunt knees, and gave him the spanking of his lifetime. Joe yelled in rage and grief, but the punishment proceeded until even the neighbors were fully satisfied. He kept on spanking and the mother did not interfere!

"What right you got?" yelled the boy. And the answer was this: "The rights of a good, able-bodied stepfather who knows that boys will be boys! Tomorrow we'll see about selling off some superfluous animals about this place."

There was nothing more to be said.

GAVESTON'S GRIM MEMORIAL

Cross in Beautiful Warwickshire Marks the Spot Where Barons Beheaded Favorite of Edward II.

There are many haunted spots in Warwickshire. The benighted peasant never lingers on Ganselle Heath, for there, at midnight, dismal bells have been heard to toll from Blacklow Hill, the place where Sir Piers Gaveston, the corrupt, handsome, foreign favorite of King Edward II., was beheaded by order of the grim barons whom he had insulted and opposed. The earl of Warwick led them, whom Gaveston had called "The Black Dog of Arden."

This was long ago. Everybody knows the historic incident, but no one can so completely realize it as when standing on the place. The scene of the execution is marked by a simple cross, bearing this inscription:

"In the hollow of this rock was beheaded, on the first day of July, 1312, by barons lawless as himself, Piers Gaveston, earl of Cornwall. In life and death a memorable instance of misrule."

No doubt the birds were singing and the green branches of the trees waving in the summer wind on that fatal day, just as they were at this moment. Gaveston was a man of much personal beauty and some talent, and only 29 years old. It was a melancholy sacrifice and horrible in the circumstances that attended it.—From William Winter's "Gray Days and Gold."

Bringing the Mango to Porto Rico.

Missionaries, ministers, Christian workers and their friends who believe in feeding the hungry as well as teaching the ignorant, have introduced into Porto Rico a new industry, the growing of the East Indian grafted mango fruit.

David Fairchild of the department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., through whose office was introduced into the United States the durum wheat (macaroni wheat) which has been worth millions of dollars to the country, has said that the coming of the grafted mango to Porto Rico, like the introduction of the navel orange into California, may be a matter of the greatest importance.

He thinks it will become one of the leading industries of the island, as it is one of the most delicious of fruits. The agricultural department is supplying young grafted mango trees, which the department has been gathering for the last ten years or more from Ceylon, India, Java, the east coast of Africa, the Philippines and the Pacific Islands.—Christian Herald.

The Reason.

"It is no use to apply for a position. I can't get a hearing."

"Because you have no influence?"

"No; because I'm deaf."

His Natural Class.

"How would one classify a crazy policeman?"

"I don't know. How?"

"As a pinching 'bug,' of course."

The proprietor of a motor-bus in London has to comply with over sixty conditions before he can get a license.

REFORMATION OF CALLOPPE.

Love Conquers When the Power of the Law Is Impotent.

By O. HENRY.

(Copyright, 1907, by the McClure Company.)

Calloppe Cately was in his humors again. Ennui was upon him. This godly promontory, the earth—particularly that portion of it known as Quick-and—was to him no more than a pestilent congregation of vapors. Overnight Calloppe had hung out signals of approaching low spirits. He



The Riley-Griffith Hdwe. Co.

Main Street, opp. Banks, CELINA, OHIO

Are you one of our many customers that have secured absolutely free with every Stove over \$20 a golden oak or reed rocker?

If you have not taken advantage of our store sale, we cordially invite you to examine our large assortment of Ranges, Heaters and Base-Burners. We will continue our sale for a few days, and any order taken now will entitle you to the rocker, and we will deliver your Stove when you want it.

We have Ranges from \$26 to \$58, and every one is positively guaranteed. We have several styles of Base-Burners. The Globe Base-Burner has 1500 square inches more radiation than any Stove made with the same size fire-pot. You will make no mistake if you buy your Stove of

Curing Catarrh

Accept Our Advice and Try This Remedy at Our Risk.

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. The mucous membrane is, one may say, the interior lining of the body. Catarrh, therefore, may exist in any part of the system.

When the catarrhal poison attacks the mucous membrane, inflammation and congestion are produced and nature fails to throw off the accumulated poisons. The organ which has been afflicted ceases to perform its proper function as nature intended it should. The result is, complication upon complication, which may lead to other even more serious afflictions.

We honestly believe Reckall Mucous-Tone will do wonders toward overcoming catarrh. It is made from the prescription of an eminent physician who made a long study of catarrh, and his great success with this remedy was an enviable one.

We want you, if you are a sufferer from catarrh in any form, to give Reckall Mucous-Tone a thorough trial. Use it with regularity and persistency for a reasonable time, then if you are not satisfied, come back and tell us, and without question or formality we will hand back to you every cent you paid us. This is certainly the fairest offer that any one could make, and should attest our sincerity of purpose. It comes in two sizes, prices 50 cents and \$1. Remember you can obtain it only at—The Reckall Store—The R. E. Riley Drug Co., southeast corner Main and Market streets, Celina, O.

Dr. Bell's Antiseptic Salve

is guaranteed for eczema, sore throat, fever, ring-worm, running sores, chapped hands and lips, pimples on the face, black heads, barber's itch, sun burn, insect bites, fever sores and nasal catarrh. 25c.

THAT FEARFUL, BRASSY YELL, but inoffensive courtesy. Not yet was Calloppe's melancholy at the danger point.

A quiet, amiable man was Calloppe Cately at other times—quiet to indolence and amiable to worthlessness.

At 9 the next morning Calloppe was fit. Inspired by his own barbarous melodies and the contents of his jug, he was ready primed to gather fresh laurels from the diffident brow of Quick-and. Enchanted and enraptured with cartridge bells, abundantly garnished with revolvers and copiously drunk, he poured forth into Quick-and's main street, too chivalrous to surprise and capture a town by silent sortie, he paused at the nearest corner and emitted his slogan—that fearful, brassy yell so reminiscent of the steam piano that had gained for him the classic appellation that had superseded his own baptismal name. Following close upon his vociferation came three shots from his 45 by way of limbering up the guns and testing his aim.

Down the street went Calloppe, shooting right and left. Glass fell like hail; dogs yelped; chickens flew, squawking; feminine voices shrieked concernedly to youngsters at large.

But some four squares farther down lively preparations were being made to minister to Mr. Cately's love for interchange of compliments and repartee. On the previous night numerous messengers had hastened to advise Buck Patterson, the city marshal, of Calloppe's impending eruption. The patience of that official, often strained in extending leniency toward the disturber's misdeeds, had been overtaxed.

Buck Patterson had been expecting and awaiting in his little 10 by 12 frame office that preliminary yell announcing that Calloppe was feeling blue. When the signal came the city marshal rose to his feet and buckled on his guns. Two deputy sheriffs and three citizens who had proved the edible qualities of fire also stood up, ready to bandy with Calloppe's leaden jocularities.

"Gather that fellow in," said Buck Patterson, setting forth the line of the campaign. "Don't have no talk, but shoot as soon as you can get a show. Keep behind cover and bring him down."

The splenetic Calloppe, unconscious of retributive plots, was steaming down the channel, cannonading on either side, when he suddenly became aware of breakers ahead. The city marshal and one of the deputies rose up behind some dry goods boxes half a square to the front and opened fire. At the same time the rest of the posse, divided, shelled him from two side streets.

The first volley broke the lock of one of Calloppe's guns, cut a neat underbit in his right ear and exploded a cartridge in his crossbill, scorching his ribs as it burst. Feeling braced up by this unexpected tonic to his spiritual depression, Calloppe executed a fortissimo note from his upper register and returned the fire like an echo.

And now Calloppe met the enemy's

CELINA MARKETS

The following were the quotations for grain, live stock, poultry and produce in the Celina market yesterday evening.

GRAIN	
(Furnished by Palmer & Miller)	
Wheat, per bush.....	85c
Corn, per 100 lbs.....	65c
Oats, per bush.....	35c
Barley, per bush.....	55c
Rye, per bush.....	65c
LIVE STOCK	
Cattle, per 100 lbs.....	\$7.25
Alaska, per bush.....	7.50
Timothy, per bush.....	8.50
HAY	
(Furnished by The Model Milling Co.)	
No. 1 timothy, per ton.....	\$13.50
No. 1 mixed, per ton.....	12.00
No. 1 clover, per ton.....	7.00
POULTRY	
(Furnished by Chas. Weaver.)	
Cattle, per 100 lbs.....	\$4.00
Veal calves, per 100 lbs.....	6.00
Hogs, per 100 lbs.....	\$6.25
PRODUCE	
(Furnished by The J. A. Long Co.)	
Fowls, per lb.....	8c
Spring chickens, per lb.....	8c
Cocks, per lb.....	8c
Turkey hens, per lb.....	14c
Toms, per lb.....	6c
Ducks, per lb.....	8c
Geese, per lb.....	7c
No. 1 hides.....	7c
PRODUCE	
(Furnished by Laudahn & Messervy)	
Butter, per lb.....	25c
Eggs, per doz.....	25c
Lard, per lb.....	13c
Tallow, per lb.....	4c
Onions, per bush.....	60c
Potatoes, per bush.....	45c

Representative Wanted

An established corporation in which over ninety bankers are interested desires a permanent representative in every county in Ohio where not now represented. This position will appeal to men who have had experience in banking business, handling of securities, former company officials, or life insurance salesmen. Bank reference required. In writing give age, qualifications, etc. Address: PRESIDENT, Box 615, Cincinnati, O.

Whooping Cough

It is an old saying that whooping cough must run its course, but the use of Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey has demonstrated beyond doubt that such is not the case. It can be cured by the use of this remedy.

Farms for Sale or Exchange

- 320 Acres** In Hopewell Township, good house and barn, all fine soil, good house and barn and out buildings. Price, \$37,000.
- 89 Acres** Near Neptune; a good house and barn, good soil. Price, \$85 per acre.
- 80 Acres** In Washington Township, good house and barn. Price, \$80 per acre.
- 121 Acres** In Salem Township, good buildings and fine black land. Price, \$75 per acre.
- 75 Acres** Two miles north of Ada, house, good barn, wind pump, on pike. Price, \$90 per acre.
- 79 1/2 Acres** In Washington Township, with house and barn, wind pump, well fenced and tiled, school house on farm. Price, \$5,800.
- 56 1/2 Acres** On pike, close to school and church. Price, \$5,000.
- 80 Acres** Three-and-a-half miles southeast of Mendon, with two good oil wells and an abundance of land for fuel, new house and barn, wind pump, with second house for tenant. Price, \$100 per acre.
- 129 Acres** Between Neptune and Mendon, on stone pike; good house and barn, with gas engine and feed grinder in barn. Price, \$85 per acre.
- 80 Acres** In Union Township, with good house and barn. Price, \$85 per acre.
- 80 Acres** Near Coldwater; good house and barn. Price, \$100 per acre.
- 120 Acres** Five miles north and three-quarters east of Celina, on pike, all best land, fair house, wind pump, good orchard. Price, \$11,000.
- 48 Acres** Six miles northeast of Celina, on pike; well fenced, 8 acres good timber and good land. If sold soon, \$5,000.
- 120 Acres** In Blackcreek Township, 9 room house, good barn, good land.
- 135 Acres** Three-quarters mile northwest of Rockford, on pike, 6-room house, 2 barns, all fine land.
- 68 Acres** In Dublin Township, with 7 room house, good granary, wind pump, good land. Price, \$5,500.
- 1 Acre** In Liberty Township, 4-room house, barn, smokehouse, good land, drove well, buildings all new. Price, \$1,000.
- 40 Acres** Six miles west of Celina, 4 room house and good land, well with wind pump, all black land. Price, \$3,000.
- 44 Acres** In Auglaize County, 4 miles S. miles northwest of St. Marys, on pike, fine 6-room house, good 40x60 barn and other out buildings; abundance of fruit. Price, \$5,100.
- 160 Acres** With good buildings, good land, on pike. Price, \$100 per acre.
- 83 1/2 Acres** In Center Township, 5 miles northeast of Celina, all good slate-roofed buildings, and all fine land.
- 146 Acres** Two and one-half miles from Mendon, fine land and all good new buildings; wind pump, all well tiled and fenced; a bargain. Terms satisfactory.
- 115 Acres** Nine miles north of Celina, good house and barn and fine quality of soil. Cheap if sold soon.
- 77 Acres** In Union Township, 3 miles S. miles northwest of St. Marys, on pike, fine 7-room house, all fine soil, natural gas for fuel.

Farms bought outright or sold on commission. Money loaned on farm lands at 5 per cent interest. Abstract of title furnished on request with every farm sold. Call and see us or phone No. 385.

Brookhart & Murlin

Rooms 1, 2, 3 and 4, Richardson Building, CELINA, OHIO

SUTHERLAND'S EAGLE EYE SALVE
Good for Nothing but the Eyes